

PUNCH



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VOL CII

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WOMEN

THE
LADY

THE
LADY

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SCENE—A snug riverside nook hard by a weir. Mr. PISCATOR PUNCH discovered enjoying the Contemplative Man's Recreation in a solitude à deux (with TOBIAS). To him enter, from opposite sides, two furtive, mysterious, and apparently disguised personages, each bearing rod and line, but looking little to the piscatorial manner born.

First Angler (catching sight of second, aside, with acerbity). Tut! tut! He here! Hoped he was at Hawardon!

Second Angler (catching sight of first, aside, peevishly). Confound him! what does he want? Had an idea he was at Hatfield!

Mr. Punch (catching sight of both, aside, merrily). Aha! here they are. Can't leave me alone. Fancy I do not recognise them, perhaps, in that ill-fitting Izaak-Waltonish disguise. (Sings.)

For Whigs are full of flattery,
And Tories full of pride;
Heigh trolollie lollie loe!
Both fish for Votes, I fish for perch,
All by the river's side.
I'm sure of unopposed return.
My countrymen know Me!
Heigh trolollie lollie loe!

First Angler (aside). Hanged if he does not twig!

Second Angler (aside). Verily he seemeth to smell a rat!

Mr. Punch (aloud). Hail, Brothers of the Angle! Good-morrow to you both, and a pleasant pitch—at courteous angler's correct distance. Whither away, Gentlemen? And are you perchance beknown one to the other?

First Angler (embarrassed). Well, Mr. Pu—PISCATOR, we are not of a party on this occasion; yet meseems I have seen our friend in the voluminous collars somewhere ere now.

Second Angler (awkwardly). And I, on my part, seem to recognise that burly form, that bushy beard—

Mr. Punch (laughing). Oh, turn it up, my noble swells! I know you, as you know each other—and Me! You have both of you tracked me down to my rural retirement, with an eye, respectively, to "tips." This fortuitous concourse displeaseth you much, but you must make the best of it. Perpend, sham Piscators. What d'ye lack? What, in short, is your little game, Gentlemen?

First and Second Anglers (together). Well, you see, Sir, the Gen—

[They both pause.]

Mr. Punch (gravely). I perceive. In view of the imminent General Election, each of you thought he would like a quiet hour alone with Mr. PUNCH, with an eye to "pumping" him—each in the interest of his Party. A miscalculation, Gentlemen! Mr. PUNCH hath no Party—save Mankind; no Leader—but himself! However, don't look so uncomfortable, the pair of you, but sit down sociably, help yourselves to the shandy-gaff, and have a chat. Let "peace, and patience, and a calm content cohabit in your cheerful hearts" (as they did in Sir HENRY Wotton's), while—as he did—we "sit quietly in a

summer's evening, on a bank a-fishing." As CORYDON sang, "Fishers must not wrangle." Aha! his song might be parodied—for your behoof, Brother Anglers!

O the brave (Vote) fisher's life
Is the best of any!
Full of pleasure found in strife,
So beloved of many.
Other joys
Are but toys;
Only this
Stirring is,
For our WILL
Polls will fill.
Power's the only pleasure!

We have sly baits in our horn,
Party paste and worms too;
We can work both night and morn,
Suffer toil and storms too.
None do fear
Arms to bear
In the fray;
Fight away!
Some sit still,
And bait with skill.
Wire-pullers must not wrangle!

First Angler. Ay, marry, Sir, now you talk like an artist! (Aside.) Only wish WILLIAM were not here! Then I might have a chance!

Second Angler (gravely). An art something too artful wholly to hit my taste. (Aside.) Oh, were SALLY only away! Can't speak freely and frankly in his presence.

Mr. Punch (twitting). Marry, scholars, 'tis little use "muttherin' there as if ye'd been ill-thrashed." My best counsel is at the service of both of you, as old PISCATOR'S was, whether to VENATOR, AUCEPS, PETER, or CORYDON.

First and Second Anglers (together, eagerly). Well, what think you of my chances at the Gen——?

[Both stop short, and scowl at each other.]

Mr. Punch (winking) singeth:

I'm a gay but "leary" Sage, with my one, two, three,
I'm willing to give counsel or wise warning;
But if it's me you'd pump, with a view to Party "stump,"
You must get up very early in the morning!

There is reason, put into verse, and worthy the consideration of a wise man, as honest old IZAAK says.

Second Angler (plaintively). But, Master, have you nothing pertinently practical to mix with this frolic discourse, which, in view of the tremendous issues toward, doth now grow tedious and tiresome?

Mr. Punch. Cheer up, honest Scholars, and perpend! I may not mar this bright June day, this sylvan scene, this quiet swim, with platform platitudes, party bickerings, or wire-puller prophecy. I would rather hear MAUDLIN piping her "Milk-Maid's Song," or CORYDON trolling his catch. But if it is sage counsel you want, take it. You are about to enter on a great political fishing match. Fight it out like honest anglers and good-tempered—like those that, as IZAAK hath it, "are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in Providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling." Fish fair, don't foul your opponent's tackle, or needlessly disturb his swim. Don't use fancy or poaching baits, nor overmuch of *any*. Remember the old angling maxim: "Swear not, lest ye catch no fish."

"Oaths do fray
Fish away,"

and vituperation loses Votes. Finally, if you be beaten, take your licking like a man—and an Angler. If further counsel ye want, you will find it to the full of your joint and several needs and capacities in this my

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PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.



JANUARY xxvi Days.

1 M. Ed. Coke h. 16-Ts Banks 132
2 P. h. 14-17 17-NC Banks 132

2 Tu B.	Lincoln	17	W	Brabham
2 Th	Bassett	17	Th	Luther
4 Th	Sr. Th.	18	F	Copernic
5 Th	Galvani	20	J	Hume
8 Th	Sr. Th.	21	S	Seneca
7 Th	S. S. of Epip.	22	M	Ferguson
11 Th	Hf.-qt.	23	T	Brooks
9 Tu	Burney	24	W	Matthews
10 W	Q. V. Mar	25	B	Wren
11 Th	B. th. 41m.	25	F	Moore
12 F	Cellini	27	S	Benevento
3 S	Revol.	28	M	Quinton
14 S	Septuag.	29	T	J. Tenniel
15 Th	H. Lechia			

MARCH xxvi Days

7	Tu St. David	17	Th St. Patri
7	W A. Ash. Wed.	17	V Sosa col.
3	Th B. Morton	18	Lucinda
6	Womera b.	19	J. S. B.
6	Da Maurier	20	Benedict
5	1 S. in Lent.	21	Th Gertie
7	St. St. Ob. 10m.	22	W Nat. G.
7	St. Tu S. St. Ob. 10m.	23	Th Q. B.
9	W Cobbett b.	24	V Lady D.
7	Th Scallier b.	25	D. Camb
5	Th I. T. imp.	26	4 S. in Lent.
2	Gregory	27	Th Catena
3	2 S. in Lent	28	Th B. Testo
6	W Byng shot	29	W Sicil. Ver.
7	W Massingay d	30	Th Hayde b.
9	W W. Hu. East. d		

APRIL xxx Days.

F	All Fools	16	S	There
S	St. S. 16m	17	S	East
S	S. & S. in Lead	18	S	St. H.
		19	S	H.
		20	S	John
T	St. S. & St. 17m	21	W	St. H.
W	O. Lady Day	22	W	H.
Tb	Pr. Loop. 3	23	W	Odessa
F	St. S. Navone	24	S	St. George
		25	S	Low
		26	S	Pr. Al.
		27	S	Pr. H.
		28	S	Pr. H.
		29	W	Edison
		30	W	St. T.
		31	S	Town
		32	S	Cactus
		33	S	Fitzroy

MAY xxvi Days

25. of. Kas.	17 Tu	Toddy
25. of. Shm.	18 W	Weswo
Tb. B. Zamora	19 Th	Weswo
W. Boring. dm.	20 F	Dunwo
Th. B. A. Th. Bm.	21 G	F. Colum
J. John Egan.	22 S	Camp
Hop. J. Col.	23 S	Hopat
25. of. Kas.	24 S	M. Tex
NY. at. Day	24 Tu	O. Vic
Torpe. d.	25 W	Pr. Fr
Chatham. d.	26 Th	Holy T
THE. Mem. C.	27 F	W. Fr
O. May Day	28 S	W. Fr
Gratton. d.	29 S	W. Fr
4. S. of. Kas.	30 Th	Popo
R. Allbourn	31 F	W. Fr

JUNE xxx Days.

W	Bigomedo	M	Corp
		17	F
	Harver, L.	18	F
F	18, 20, 22	19	Al
F	21, 22, 23	20	Wadso
S	21, 22, 23	21	18
S	23	22	18
	White Sun	23	18
		24	18
Bh.	Hedberg	25	18
Tb		26	18
Tb	B. Eriksen	27	W
W	D. Jerrard	28	F
	8	29	18
		30	18
F	Faasten, D.	31	18
F	Heilberg	32	18
H	Hornbaek	33	18
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Trit.	352	369	18
Trit.	353	370	18
Trit.	354	371	18
Trit.	355	372	18
Trit.	356	373	18
Trit.	357	374	18
Trit.	358	375	18
Trit.	359	376	18
Trit.	360	377	18
Trit.	361	378	18
Trit.	362	379	18
Trit.	363	380	18
Trit.	364	381	18
Trit.	365	382	18
Trit.	366	383	18
Trit.	367	384	18
Trit.	368	385	18
Trit.	369	386	18
Trit.	370	387	18
Trit.	371	388	18
Trit.	372	389	

JULY xxxi Days.

AUGUST xxxi Days.

1	Mr. Holiday	17	W. Ad. Blake
2	Mr. Koma	18	Th. S. Spens
3	W. Birn. Fis. a.	19	W. Goniocere
4	Th. Gyot. Bon. a.	20	Naragano
5	F. S. Sh. Shim.	21	W. S. a. Tr.
6	Dik. Edu. b.	22	W. Kusumoto
7	W. S. a. Tr.	23	W. Wallace
8	W. Oway. b.	24	W. Sh. Mabuchi
9	S. Sh. Shim.	25	W. Watt. d.
10	W. Lawrence	26	W. Watanabe
11	Th. S. a. Tr.	27	W. Yamada
12	F. Grom. a. b.	28	W. Yamada
13	G. Lamont	29	W. Yamada
14	W. S. a. Tr.	30	W. T. Paley
15	W. Scott. a.	31	W. Hayyan d.
16	W. S. a. Tr.		
17	W. S. a. Tr.		

SEPTEMBER 2001

1	Ts. Part. abd. e.	15	P	J.
2	P. Capital. Novem.	16	P	J.
2	S. & Sh. 15 m.	17	S	14
4	S. & Sh. of Tr.	18	S	14
5	S. & Sh.	19	P	J.
6	Ts. S. & Sh. 15 m.	20	T	J.
7	W.	21	W	J.
7	W. Runcorn.	22	T	J.
7	Ts. S. & Sh. 17 M	23	T	J.
9	P. Fleeton	24	S	J.
10	B. Queenoy	25	S	J.
11	S. & Sh. of Tr.	26	S	J.
12	O. & P. Kite.	27	T	W.
13	Ts. C. J. Fox d.	28	T	W.
14	W. Holy Cross	29	T	W.
15	Ts. Lalgear	30	T	W.

OCTOBER ~~xxxi~~ Day

18	Conn., N. Y. & N. W.	17 M	W. E. H. ¹
16	S. of Dr.	11	T. St. L. ¹
15	Albion	19 W	W. Kneller
4	Te. G. Minot	20	B. H. ¹
5	W. N. & St. Paul	21	P. T. ¹
7	W. N. & St. Paul	22	R. Edge
7	W. N. & St. Paul	23	W. S. ¹
7	W. N. & St. Paul	24	P. Long
8	B. Action	25	W. C. ¹
17	S. of Dr.	26	T. St. L. ¹
9	Or., M. T. & N. W.	27	Dunton
11	Old Miss.	28	Cop. ¹
12	American	29	J. L. ¹
17	W. Edw. Conf.	30	J. L. ¹
14	B. Seneca	31	W. B. ¹
15	Fire Ins. Co.	32	AB Hall
19	S. of St. T.		

DECEMBER xxxi Days.

1 Th. F. Wm. b.	12	1st. M. T.
2 F. R. Ansted	12	2d. In Adm.
3 B. Bradbury	10	Can. M. T. b.
4 S. J. in Adm.	12	2d. Y. Vicions
5 M. Menet	21	W. Mr. Thomas
6 Tu. T. Th. 2m.	22	Wm. Q. b.
7 W. T. 2m.	23	Ja. II. H. b.
8 Th. H. 2m.	24	W. C. C. b.
9 W. Wadley	6	W. C. P. b.
10 B. Milton	26	Ja. H. H. b.
11 S. in Adm.	27	Th. St. John
12 M. Cither 4.	28	W. Innocent
13 Tu. St. Lucy	29	W. Bradford
14 W. F. Long	29	W. Farns. and
15 Th. J. Walton	4	
16 F. W. Webber	5	

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH



Linley Sambourne.

ÆSOP UP TO DATE.

THE FROG AND THE BULL. (Juvenile Betting and the Stock Exchange.)

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES. (Elderly Love-making.)

AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.



THE SUN AND THE WIND. (Drink and Prohibition.)

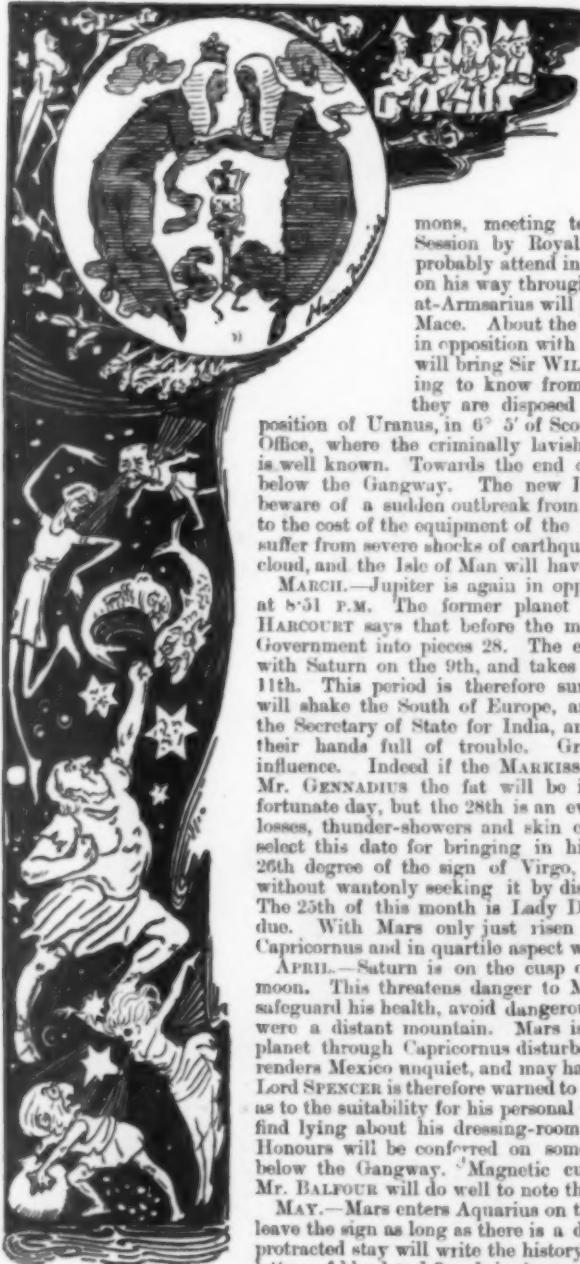
ÆSOP UP TO DATE.

THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS. (Capital and Labour.)

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

THE PARLIAMENTARY ALMANACK FOR THE SESSION OF 1892.

(BY ZADKIEL, M.P.)



FEBRUARY.—A pretty conjunction of Venus with Jupiter will take place in the evening western sky on Saturday the 6th inst.; but, as the days are still short, and the nights dark, the interesting couple will probably escape embarrassing observation. About the same time there will be a conjunction of the House of Lords and the House of Commons, meeting to witness the opening of the new Session by Royal Commission. The SPEAKER will probably attend in wig and gown, and, as Mars speeds on his way through the sign Sagittarius, the Sergeant-at-Arms will precede the procession, carrying the Mace. About the middle of this month Venus will be in opposition with Saturn, very near the Equator. This will bring Sir WILLIAM HAROURT to the front, wanting to know from the Government much more than they are disposed to communicate. The stationary position of Uranus, in $6^{\circ} 5'$ of Scorpio, will bring trouble to the Home Office, where the criminally lavish use of stationery (including pens) is well known. Towards the end of the month there will be trouble below the Gangway. The new Leader of the House is warned to beware of a sudden outbreak from Mr. LABOUCHERE, having reference to the cost of the equipment of the Queen's yacht. South America will suffer from severe shocks of earthquake, the Isle of Skye will be under a cloud, and the Isle of Man will have trouble with its female population.

MARCH.—Jupiter is again in opposition with Saturn on the 6th inst. at 8:51 P.M. The former planet being in Pisces 27°, Sir WILLIAM HAROURT says that before the month is out he means to knock the Government into pieces 28. The evil Mars forms the quartile aspect with Saturn on the 9th, and takes a friendly pint with Jupiter on the 11th. This period is therefore sure to be tempestuous. Earthquakes will shake the South of Europe, and the First Lord of the Treasury, the Secretary of State for India, and the First Door Keeper will have their hands full of trouble. Greece will also feel the disturbing influence. Indeed if the MARKISS doesn't keep things straight with Mr. GENNAIDIUS the fat will be in the fire. The 20th is rather a fortunate day, but the 28th is an evil anniversary threatening quarrels, losses, thunder-showers and skin eruptions. JOKIM is warned not to select this date for bringing in his Budget. With the Moon in the 26th degree of the sign of Virgo, he will have quite enough trouble without wantonly seeking it by disregarding the Voice of the Stars. The 25th of this month is Lady Day, when rents and insurances fall due. With Mars only just risen at the vernal equinox, strong in Capricornus and in quartile aspect with the Sun, they had better be paid.

APRIL.—Saturn is on the cusp of the third house of the last new moon. This threatens danger to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN who is warned to safeguard his health, avoid dangerous places, and regard Mr. G. as if he were a distant mountain. Mars is at it again. Progress of the red planet through Capricornus disturbs Greece, shakes India to the core, renders Mexico unquiet, and may have potent influence on the Red Earl. Lord SPENCER is therefore warned to avoid during this month experiments as to the suitability for his personal use of any stray high collars he may find lying about his dressing-room, or in that of any blood relation. Honours will be conferred on some Members sitting either above or below the Gangway. Magnetic currents very strong about the 26th. Mr. BALFOUR will do well to note this.

MAY.—Mars enters Aquarius on the 6th of this month, and will not leave the sign as long as there is a drop to drink on the premises. This protracted stay will write the history of the Agricultural Department in letters of blood and fire, bringing sorrow on GEORGE HAMILTON, WIL-

FRID LAWSON, and the borders of Wales. Jupiter's progress through Aries continues to benefit Old England, and gives Lord HARTINGTON an opportunity of taking ten minutes nap on the Front Opposition Bench, whilst Mr. STANHOPE explains the Army Estimates in Committee of Supply. We shall hear of conflagrations and explosions at sea, with some trouble in the House of Lords. The LORD CHANCELLOR, at whose birth the Moon held the 24th degree of the sign Virgo, would do well to have the Woolsack carefully examined before seating himself thereon. It is not for nothing that the Moon is this month eclipsed in the sign Scorpio.

JUNE.—Mars holds on his way through Aquarius, thereby disturbing Russia, bringing sorrow on Prussia, heaping coals of fire on Piedmont and the borders of Persia. This will bring much occupation for the Foreign Secretary, who is warned to avoid any attempt to walk from Hatfield to Downing Street without his hat. Weddings will be numerous towards the end of the month. There will also, in all probability, be some births and deaths. The Sun and Mercury in Gemini, forming the quartile aspect with Saturn in Virgo, Members of the Opposition are warned (if they can avoid it) not to be born on the 8th, 19th, 24th and 25th of this month. Mars being in a lower meridian at the New Moon of Midsummer Day, fires will be numerous, discord and strife will arise in connection with the landed interest, and an Irish Member—perhaps two—will be suspended. The sign Cancer rules New York, Berne and Lubeck. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK will, accordingly, do well to live quietly and avoid changes.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.]

AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.

DESIGNED TO PLEASE THOSE MEMBERS OF THE FANATICAL PRESS AND OTHERS

WHO ARE ALWAYS RUNNING DOWN THEIR COUNTRY.



JOHN BULL UP TO DATE.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

THE INDIGENT GHOST.



"I am a ghost," he shyly said. I answered, "Ah, no doubt; It's very right at Christmas time that ghosts should be about; Sit down, old man, and have a drink, I'm in no haste to snooze, And, if 'twill serve to pass the time, why gibber, if you choose."

"I used to totally abstain," the aged spectre said,

"Till Doctor GRANVILLE's letters upon stimulants I read;

He wrote, you know, teetotallers were little more than pulp."

With that he took my whiskey jar and drained it at a gulp.

"You've taken his advice to heart, my phantom friend," I cried, "Now don't you think that after that you'd gibber if you tried?" "Don't scoff, young man," he sadly said, "for know you speak to one Who never gets employment now, whose gibbering days are done."

"Well, well," I said, "don't gibber, if you find yourself too weak. I'll try and call a shudder up, if only you will squeak."



They've ta'en the bread from honest ghosts and ruined all the trade; We don't find teacups under turf and flop flowers on your head, We don't 'precipitate' a note and swear it's from the dead.

"We scorn such hanky - panky tricks, let those admire who list, I'd sooner sweep a crossing, Sir, than turn Theosophist; I'm driven into the workhouse now since not a soul employs, And earn the paltry parish pay by scaring pauper boys.

"Goodbye," he said, "and since you've been so very kind and nice, If you'd like me to haunt a friend, why you shall name the price: Good night! That little drop I took has given me pluck. Since it's The witching hour, I'll go and fright the Beadle into fits."

DROP BY DROP.

Nine Stages of a Love Story.

FIRST place, I dropped my eye on her,
And she dropped hers, so blushfully!
Then I "dropped in,"—her sire sold fur,—
Then "dropped a line," most gushfully.
I dropped a deal of ready cash
On her and her relations,
Then dropped some hints—that course proved rash—
About her "expectations."
She dropped on me, daring to ask
Such questions. Here I stopped her.
Her—bankrupt—sire then dropped the mask,
And I—well then, I dropped her'

SIMPLE STORIES.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!"

NO. I.—LILY AND THE LOBSTER.

LIKE many of the little girls at Dimplebeach, LILY was very fond, on bright, warm sunny mornings, of paddling in the sea.

She would often take off her shoes and stockings, reef up her skirts, and wander for a very considerable distance along the sandy shore. She picked up in this way many varieties of pretty and curious seaweed, and not a few rare shells and pebbles. Not being afraid of getting wet, she was enabled to clamber over the rocks, to view the sea-anemone in its own private aquarium, and make friends with the benign barnacle, the light-hearted limpet, and the cynical star-fish.

One morning LILY bethought her that she would walk alone by water as far as the little village of Pebbleton. She took off her shoes and stockings, pinned up her petticoats, and waded through the shallow water, thinking what a brave girl she was. She had not gone very far when she saw, on the shore, the seaweed violently agitated, and the sand much disturbed. In going to see what it was, she discovered a fine old Lobster, hopelessly entangled in seaweed, and nearly smothered in dry sand. She did not hesitate for an instant.

She recollected the words of the Great Bard, who sang,—

"Be lenient with lobsters, and ne'er be cross with crabs,
And be not disrespectful to cuttle-fish or dabs."

With great tenderness she disentangled the Lobster from the weeds, she blew the sand out of its eyes, and polished it up with her pocket-handkerchief. She then carried it with great care to the sea, and launched it.

It quickly sped away into the deep water, and, though the callous crustacean showed no sign of gratitude for all her thought and attention, the little girl felt pleased at having done a good action.

She went on slowly wading towards Pebbleton.

Suddenly she felt a sharp pain in her great toe. Her first thought was, she was going to have the gout, like her Papa. The agony was so great, that she retreated towards the shore. She found that she was pursued by an enormous Lobster, who had severely bitten one toe, and seemed in the mind to have a turn at the remaining nine.

She was terribly frightened, but she limped along as quickly as she could, the Lobster rattling his claws and hissing after her. He pursued her till she reached the dry sand, sat down, dried her feet, and put on her shoes and stockings. Then he wagged his big claw at her, gave her a knowing wink, trotted off, and plunged into the sea. She thought she recognised his face—and she was not mistaken.

It was her old friend, whom she had rescued, who, by pinching her toe, had stopped her just on the very brink of a pool of water, twenty feet deep.

Had it not been for the Lobster, LILY would have been drowned!



AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.

MR. PUNCH'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1892.

JANUARY.

THE year commences on a Friday, which implies that there will be much misfortune. Immediately taxes will become due, which will cause much heart-burning and disappointment. A well-known statesman will make a statement that will cause apprehension in the capital of one of the great Powers. A few stock-brokers will be very active, but not in legitimate business. Many persons will visit Paris and spend some time on the boulevards. The wearer of a Crown in the North of Europe will have to beware of cold. On the 11th there will be much movement in the Law Courts, and the Judges will appear in state and walk on foot to the apartments they usually occupy. Counsel and solicitors will hold many consultations, and a Chancery suit will be commenced, leading to great subsequent disaster. After lingering for more than a week, on the 9th, Fire Insurance expires, amidst universal regret. Their financial condition will not permit of a term their own property. The weather will be cold, and snow may be expected even if it does not actually appear.

FOR FEBRUARY.

THE month will commence with a game soon to end, for partridge-shooting ceases on the 1st. On the 3rd a well-known statesman will keep his birthday, chiefly because he was born on this date sixty-two years ago. He will be visited several times by one of the Judges who presided at the Parnell Commission, who on the last occasion will remark that he represents "Many Happy Returns of the Day." Parliament will meet, and drink—in spite of the attempts of some misguided men to abolish the bars in the Lobbies. On the 13th of the month Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL will keep his birthday, avoiding St. Valentine's Day, in courteous consideration of the resources of the Post Office. We may expect some strange news from the Continent, and events in Russia will urge on the Stock Exchange a preference for bears rather than for bulls. Many Bills will be introduced at Westminster, but only as a temporary arrangement, as they will be thrown out before the close of the Session. The

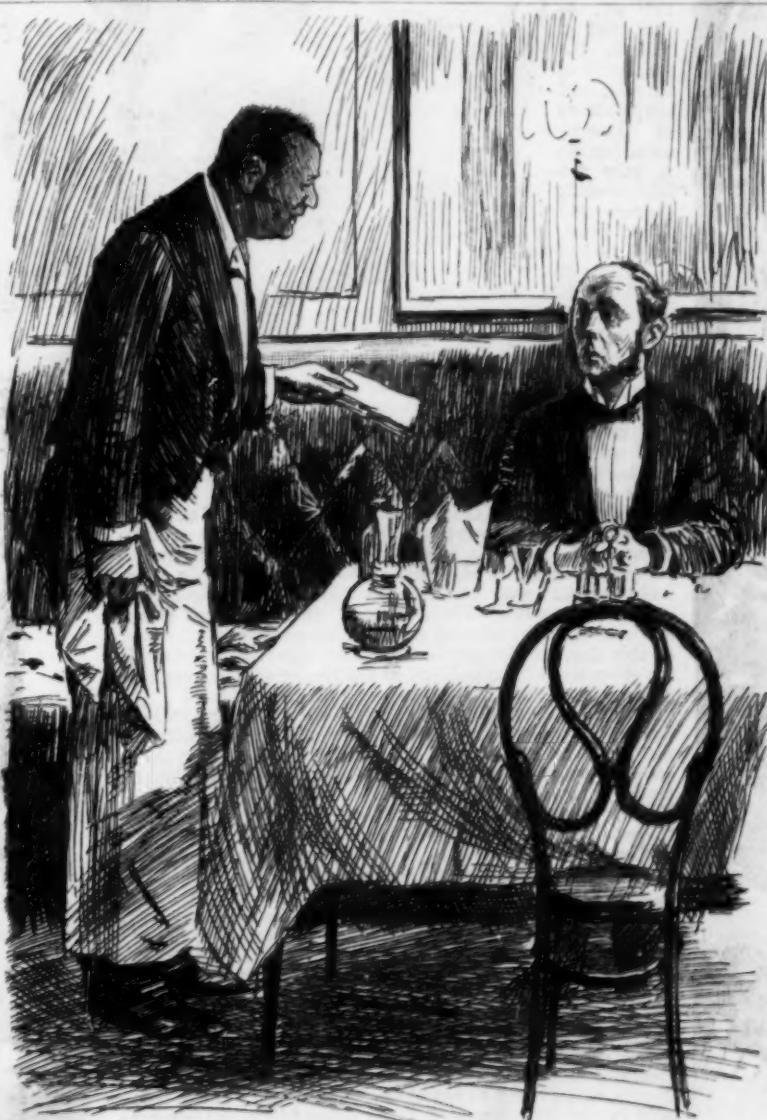
weather will be changeable, the state of the atmosphere varying from comparative warmth to superlative cold. A modern Dramatist will write a play with a purpose, which purpose will be divulged by the speedy shutting up of the theatre in which the play is produced. The condition of Ireland will attract some attention, and several harsh things will be said about the Chief Secretary.

The news from Spain will cause some uneasiness in Portugal, and even cause apprehension in Sweden, were it not for the cold, calm judgment of Norway. Many complaints will be made about the Police, but without attracting the attention of the Authorities.

FOR MARCH.

ON the 2nd Lent will commence, Ash Wednesday falling this year (strange to say) on a day following a Tuesday. On the 26th, the Duke of CAMBRIDGE will hold a review of his past career—the occasion being his own birthday. Businessamongst burglars being slack, the police to arrest something, will take up the time of the public by making frivolous complaints. In Parliament many questions will be asked and answered, and the world will be no wiser. A well-known statesman will make a speech that will cause uneasiness abroad, and be productive of sleep at home. The GERMAN EMPEROR will make his tourist arrangements for the summer. He will see what can be done about a trip to the United States, and will deeply regret that he has not the assistance of the late Mr. BARNUM, whose help would of course have been invaluable to him in the arrangement of details. He will sound the President of the French Republic as to the assurance of a hearty welcome in the event of his paying a visit to Paris, and will re-

ceive a reply ending with "Car—not." The advisability of a progress through the Channel Islands, so as to use up a number of ready-made speeches written in French. On the 17th of the month, the Irish will celebrate their *file* day by bemoaning their fate. This will lead to several discussions on the question of Home Rule in various influential quarters. Altogether the month will be so featureless, that it can scarcely be described as the March of Events.



A LAST RESOURCE.

A HAPPY AND INDEPENDENT BACHELOR FINDS HIMSELF SUDDENLY DISAPPOINTED OF HIS CHRISTMAS PARTY IN THE COUNTRY; HE HAS ORDERED NOTHING AT HOME, HAS GIVEN HIS COOK AND MAN-SERVANT LEAVE TO INVITE THEIR FRIENDS; HIS INTIMATE COMPANIONS ARE OUT OF TOWN, AND, ON ARRIVING AT HIS CLUB, HE IS INFORMED BY THE HALL PORTER THAT "THERE IS NO DINNER TO-NIGHT, AS THE SERVANTS ARE HAVING A PARTY." ONLY ONE RESOURCE, A HOTEL, OR DINNER AT A RESTAURANT, ALL ALONE!

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

THE PARLIAMENTARY ALMANACK FOR THE SESSION OF 1892.

By ZADKIEL, M.P. (Continued from Page 4.)



JULY. — Mars is now stationary in **Aquarius**, 17° 14', to the grief of Russia, the perplexity of Prussia, and the petulance of Pomerania. Famine is only too likely to stalk through the Isle of Dogs, and there will be trouble at the Admiralty. Saturn is creeping up to the quartile of the place of the solar eclipse of June 17, 1890, filling the bitter cup of the Chief Secretary to the brim. Members desiring

to take their seats will please come to the table. Uranus stationary in 1° 50' of **Scorpio** is of fresh evil omen for the Lord CHANCELLOR. He is warned to avoid travelling by water or riding on the garden-seat of an omnibus. Towards the end of the month (the 9th instant being the day of the solar conjunction with Venus) the House of Commons will be counted out. The 17th is a propitious day for Members representing agricultural constituencies. Unfortunately, there will be no sitting of the House on this day. An accident to an ironclad moored off the Terrace. Duchesses and others are warned not to take tea on the Terrace on the afternoon of this day, for Mercury in his ruling sign (**Leo**) meets with the opposition of Mars. Mars, as the Leader of the Opposition in the Solar System, takes a fraternal interest in Mr. G.

AUGUST. — Mars still having a high old time in the high old 'evings. He is now very near the Earth, and with his mailed hand urges on the Irish Members to deeds of ruthless insubordination. About this time the SPEAKER may be expected to observe, "Order! Order!" Saturn re-enters the sign **Libra** at 31 minutes past 9 on the evening of the 31st. Consequently we shall hear of trouble in Kent, Macedonia, and Staffordshire. Questions on these subjects will be addressed to the Baron DE BOOK-WORMS, and, the Moon holding the third degree of the sign **Scorpio** or the last degree of **Virgo**, Mr. JULIUS ANNIBAL PICTO will move the adjournment of the House, in order to discuss, as a matter of urgent public importance, the unsatisfactory replies of the noble Baron. The 4th is a very evil day for Her Majesty's Ministers, threatening danger by fire or colic, according to their nativities. Let those who were born in this month beware of danger by water, never going out without an umbrella, or attempting to cross the Thames by fording it. Morocco will experience some vibration, and Hon. Members whose rates were due on the 1st of March, will do well to see they are paid. The Moon being held in the 25th degree of **Virgo**, ladies following the course of debate from the Gallery of the House of Commons, are warned to beware of disappointment in love or matrimony.

The position of the Moon at this time is also favourable to saltatory exercise on the part of the cow. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS is warned to hold out three acres beneath the orb, so as to break the fall of the cow. As the Sun forms the trine aspect with Jupiter shortly before the New Moon, Parliament will be prorogued this month, *if Jupiter being in the fourth house, the dissolution has not already taken place.*

ODE TO A DINNER-GONG.

"THE tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell." So said, admiringly, the late Lord BYRON, But he had never heard *your* noisy knell, O blatant bellowing thing of brass or iron, Or surely he had metrically cursed Your nerve - distracting Corybantic clangour.

Would his fine indignation could have versed My utter hate, my agonising anger. Alas! is gusto then so great a sin, Is feeding Man so terrible a sinner That such a worse than *Duncan*-raising din Must summon him to—Dinner?



BANE AND ANTIDOTE.

OUR latest New Humorist lately was moved To say that the world can't exist without merriment. His dogma, of course, yet remains to be proved, But oh! how *he'd* help us to try the experiment.

AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.

A DINNER KNELL.



IT pains me deeply to reveal
My infamy; I do not stretch
The truth when I confess I feel
A guilty wretch.

I envy him whose only sin [b]our,
Has been to rob his next-door neighbour.
He has his absolution in
Three months' hard labour.

And happy he who forged a cheque,
Committed arson, stole a bill,
Played football on his spouse's neck,
Or broke a till.

I cannot claim that anyone [gurgle,
Through me has gasped his deathly
I cannot even say I've done
One honest burgle.

These may be bad, the reckless art
Of hospitality is worse; [heart,
Though want of thought, not want of
Has been my curse.

For sad experience has taught
That as a most abandoned sinner
My wife will treat me, now I've brought
A friend to dinner!

[And she did.

MR. PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF DEFINITIONS.

(For the Use of Young Writers.)

A FASHIONABLE BEAUTY.

(a.) A PRETTY moth that flutters by night, and is singed in Society scandals.

(b.) A modern HELENA, who frequently prefers the WORTH of Paris, to the reputation of her husband. Her face launches a



thousand photographers, and burns the topless towers of every battered old *roué*'s heart.

(c.) An exotic tree which journalists shake to obtain the paragraph-fruit from its branches. It flourishes for a season, and is then cut down to provide fuel for detraction engines.

A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

(a.) A BEING whose top-hat always shines, whose frock-coat invariably fits, whose boots never lack polish, and whose trousers are born turned up. He knows intuitively the exact seasons when a suit of dittoes and a round hat worn in St. James's Street mark the man of fashion.

(b.) One who spends the greater part of the year in the country. His income is independent, his language is free, but he himself is ruled by his valet.

(c.) A hero to his lady novelist. A non-reading, non-marrying, cynical, knowing, seductive, indolent, moustachioed and frequently military animal, much addicted



to the midnight use of Clubs. Is generally obscured by ungrammatical language and costly tobacco-smoke. He leaves the love-letters of ballet-dancers and duchesses lying open on his carpet, sticks photographs of the former into frames, and invitations from the latter into looking-glasses.

THE ASTROLOGER'S BRAY.

VOICE of the Stars? Oh, empty annual bore,
It is, indeed, a "Voice and nothing more."

The wise world heeds not your prophetic
pother
Which goes in at one year and out at t'other!

ODE TO SOAP.

I'VE written verses to her eyes,
Her snowy-white, serenely high brow,
The charm that in her features lies,
A dozen sonnets to her eyebrow.
Last week she ventured to elope,
Alas! with quite another fellow,
So I will sing a song to Soap—
Soap, honest, pure, transparent, yellow!



When I arise at early morn,
(Or even when at late), who keener
Than you in helping to adorn
My person, or to make me—cleaner?
When black (not comely), I confess
Yourself at once I always fly to,
I use you, who excel. Ah! yes,
You take the cake, and so do I too!
Called to the Bar. Of course I am—
The Bar of Soap. In all one's troubles,
What more successful way to dam
The flood of grief than blowing bubbles?
And yet, a thousand years ago,
When men wore woad, and huts were
wattled,
Had they the happiness to know
The magic mysteries of mottled?
I do not know, I cannot tell,
I don't indulge in rash assertions;
But this I know, and know full well,
I owe my skin to your exertions.
And if I should have done a deed
Of gore particularly flagrant,
You still befriend me in my need, [rant.
You take my hands, and leave them frag—
O Soap, preserver of mankind,
True godliness's cleanly neighbour,
The Duke through you grows more refined,
The housemaid's face reflects your labour.
Let mundane systems have their day,
Let men depart to shades infernal,
The future brings us no dismay,
Since Soap (like Hope) will spring eternal.

"THRIFT, THRIFT, HORATIO!"

(By a contemplative Man at a Crematorium.)
THERE'S one thing in these mortuary
burnings,
A man pays his "last debt" with his own

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

NEVER HAVE A CADDIE WITH A SQUINT!

A LAY OF THE LINKS.

THEY told me he was skilful, and assiduous, and true,
They told me he had "carried" for the bravest and the best,
His hair was soldier-scarlet, and his eyes were saucer blue,
And one seemed looking eastward, whilst the other fronted west.

His strabismus was a startler, and it
shook my nerve at once;

It affected me with dizziness, like
gazing from a height.

I straddled like a duffer, and I wavered
like a dunce,

And my right hand felt a left one,
and my left felt far from right.

As I watched him place my ball with
his visual axes crossed,

The very sunshine glimmered, with a
queer confusing glint,

I felt like a sick lubber on Atlantic surges

tossed.—

Oh! never have a Caddie with a
squint!

I'm an "irritable duffer"—so my enemies
declare,—

That is I'm very sensitive, and play a
modest game.

A very little puts me off my stroke, and,
standing there,

With his boot-heels at right angles,
and his optics much the same,

He maddened me—no less, and I felt that
all success

Against bumptious young McBUENO—was impossible that day.
I'd have parted with a fiver to have beaten him. His dress

Was so very very swagger, and his scarlet cap so gay.

He eyed my cross-eyed Caddie with a supercilious smirk,

I tried to set my features, and my nerves, like any flint;
But my "knicker'd" knees were knocking as I wildly set to work.

Oh! never have a Caddie with a squint!

I tried to look away from the spoiler of my play,
But for fiendish fascination he was like a squinting snake;

All the mulfings man can mulf I
contrived to mulf that day;

My eyes were all askew and
my nerves were all ashake.

I seemed to squint myself, and
not only with my eyes,
My knees, my hands, my el-
bows with obliquity were
rife.

McBUENO's sleek sham sympathy
and sinister surprise

Made almost insupportable the
burden of my life.

He was so beastly friendly, and
he was so blazing fair,

So fulsomely effusive with sug-
gestion, tip, and hint!

And all the while that Caddie
stood serenely cock-eyed
there.

Oh! never have a Caddie
with a squint!

Miss BINKS was looking on. On
that maiden I was gone,
Just as she was gone on Golf,

in perifervid Scottish style.

On my merits, with McBUENO, I should just about have won,
But my shots to-day were such as made even EFFIE smile;

Oh, the lumps of turf I lifted! Oh, the easy balls I missed!

Oh, the bunkers I got bogged in! And at last a gentle scorn
Curled the lips I would have given my pet "Putter" to have
kissed.

Such a bungler as myself her loved Links had never borne;

And all the while McBUENO—the young crocodile!—bewailed
What he called my "beastly luck," though his joy was plain as
print,
Whilst that squint grew worse and worse at each shot of mine
which failed.

Oh! never have a Caddie with a squint!

In "playing through the green" with my "brassey" I was seen
At most dismal disadvantage on that miserable day;

He pointed through the rushes with cock-
eyed, sardonic spleen,—
I followed his squint guidance, and I
struck a yard away;
But oh! 'twas worst of all, when I tried
to hole the ball.

Oh, the Ogre! How he squinted at
that crisis of the game!
His hideous strabismus held me helpless,
a blind thrall,

Shattered my nerves completely, put
my skill to open shame.
That squint would, I am sure, have upset
the Solar System—

Oh! the impish impudence, the grue-
someoggle-glint!
The low, malicious chuckle, as he softly
muttered, "Missed 'im!"

No, never have a Caddie with
a squint!

Yet all the same McBUENO did not get
that rich Miss BINKS,

Who was so sweet in every way, es-
pecially on Golf.

He fancied he had cut me out that day
upon those Links,

But although he won the game—at Golf, his love-game came not
He and that demon Caddie tried between them very hard [off.

To shame me in the eyes of that dear enthusiast,
But—well, my clubs she carries, whilst McBUENO, evil-starred,

Was caught by a Scotch vixen with an obvious optic cast!

That's Nemesis, I say! And
she will not let him play

At the game he so adores.
True she's wealthy as the
Mint.

At Golf, with EFFIE, I have
passed many a happy day,

But—we never have a
Caddie with a squint!

A Caddie
who's a
duffer, or
a Caddie
who gets
drunk;

A Caddie who regards all
other Caddies as his foes;

A Caddie who will snigger when
you fumble, fail or funk;

A Caddie who will whistle,
or seems ever on the doze;

A Caddie who's too tiny; or too
big and broad of bulk;

A Caddie who gets playing
with your clubs upon the
sly;

A Caddie who will chatter, or a
Caddie who will sulk;

All these are most vexatious to
a Golfer of repute;

And still more so to a novice.
But just take a friendly
hint!

Take a Caddie who's a duffer, or a drunkard, or a brute,
But never try a Caddie with a squint!!!



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AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.

A LADY'S LINES ON LEAP YEAR.

WHEN NEAVES' Ape with the pliable thumb and big brain,
Who the gift of the gab had just managed to gain,
As a lord of creation established his reign,
Which nobody can deny.
He established no doubt, female progress to stop,
The "right" of the sex the great question to "pop"
(As well as to vote, and to smoke, and talk shop),
Which nobody can deny.

O artful old Ape, in transition to Man,
To keep down poor Woman you hit on a plan,
Which they once in four years may reverse—if they can,
Which nobody can deny.
Our vertebræ (moral) you first took away,
And then once in four years you allotted a day
For the polypus sex at top-sawyer to play.
Which nobody can deny.

O Great Master Monkey, the progress of years
At last fills your lordship with Sisilian fears;
The Woman's Rights Question assails your long ears,
Which nobody can deny.
But when the great Pop-Right is ours, recollect
We'll grant you—what more can your Apeship expect?—
The right,—once in four years you know—to reject!
Which nobody can deny!

SIMPLE STORIES.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!"

NO. II.—VIOLET AND THE PORPOISE.

VIOLET was a bright, merry little girl who was always full of fun. She was rather too apt to be thoughtless. Her Father was very witty and jocose, and she would often try to imitate him. She seemed to forget what was a virtue among grown-ups was unbecoming in a child, and would sometimes say something to cause a laugh without reflecting how much pain it gave to others. For the sake of a joke—to make a mere play upon words, or a pun as it is called, she would not infrequently make some silly remark which would subsequently cause her the keenest regret.

In vain did her kind Mamma impress upon her that puns would entail punishment, and it seemed equally futile for her to be told that punning was the special prerogative of Papas.

It was not only to her kind parents and friends that she would behave in this manner. Poor inoffensive dumb animals she would treat in a similar fashion. She would tell the Cow that she was a "cowious kind of animal"; she would say, "I bullieve you, my boy," to the Bull, and would inform the Pig that it was very "pig-eculiar." One day her Father found her telling a large Cochon that, if it did not move on, it would be "a-cochin' it," and heard her subsequently remark, with regard to a tamarisk hedge, "It-am-a-risky kind of fence." This was too much for her long-suffering parent. He

found he was being beaten on his own ground, his position as family joker was being imperilled, and his merry jests were beginning to fall rather flat. He at once packed off this short-petticoated punster to a strong-minded, serious, matter-of-fact governess by the seaside, who looked upon punning, joking, and whistling on the Sabbath as all very much in the same light. The governess had instructions she might take what measures she pleased, but the little girl was to be cured.

One day there was a terrific storm on the coast. When it abated,

it was reported that a very large Porpoise had been washed ashore. Everyone went down to see it, and among them VIOLET and her governess. The little lass was in high spirits, for she had been indoors in disgrace for the last two days. VI was not a bit afraid. She danced up to the Porpoise, who was puffing and blowing and flapping his tail on the sand. The impudent little puss boldly approached the monster of the deep, and giving him a good ringing slap, said, "Poor old thing! Did it come ashore on porpoise?"

In a moment the Porpoise lashed out its tail in anger, caught the child on the side of the face, and knocked her into the sea! With great difficulty she was rescued! It taught her a lesson she never forgot. She returned home quite cured. She never makes silly puns upon poor dumb animals now, and they have grown to respect her very much. If ever she feels inclined to return to her old foolish habit, one glance at the silver porpoise-charm—which her dear Father has given her—is sufficient to remind her of her folly, and prevent her transgressing.

LAY OF A LONDON BOOK-WORM.

HAIL, best-loved season of a best-loved town!—

The glowing fire,

Warm winter curtains, ancient dressing-gown,

And seasoned briar.

Spas, mountains,
countryside, a glad
farewell:

Till ninety-two,
Booksellers' Row, the
Strand, and fair Pall
Mall

I face anew.
Omnivorous, the hungry
book-worm
wanders

From BARRY PAIN



To SCHOPENHAUER (p.p. T. BAILEY SAUNDERS),

Nor doth disdain,

En passant, the attempts of—names won't scan—

A playwright trio,

To pose as artist, not as artisan,

Con molto brio.

But why waste words? Don slippers, light the lamp,

And close the shutters;

Book-worms advance! Prepare your winter camp;

Draw paper-cutters!

CELEBS.

MR. PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF DEFINITIONS.

(For the Use of Young Writers.)

A PHOTOGRAPH.



(a.) THOUGH a man who always says "No" cannot be considered a good fellow, yet a photograph may be described as a proof of *camaraderie*, based on nothing but negatives.

(b.) The flattery of a human face by a celestial body.

(c.) Purchasable immortality, warranted to fade, in several sizes.

(d.) The final stage in a struggle with a cheerful expression.

(e.) An image which, in proportion as it offends one's vanity, may be counted upon to delight one's friends.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH



ÆSOP UP TO DATE.

THE COCK AND THE JEWELS. (The Philistine and High Art.) THE MAID AND THE MILK-PAIL. (The Agricultural Vote and Party Promises.)

AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.

TOM NODDY'S CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE, AFTER COLD MINCE-PIES FOR SUPPER.



1. I suddenly wake up and remember to-night's Mrs. BONAMY's Sma'l and Early, and that VERA GILPIN will be there. Think I'll go.



2. Needn't put on evening dress. There's no stiffness about the BOXAMYS. Go just as I am. Fine night, not very late. May as well walk there and smoke a cigar. Awful nuisance if they're all got up to the nines!



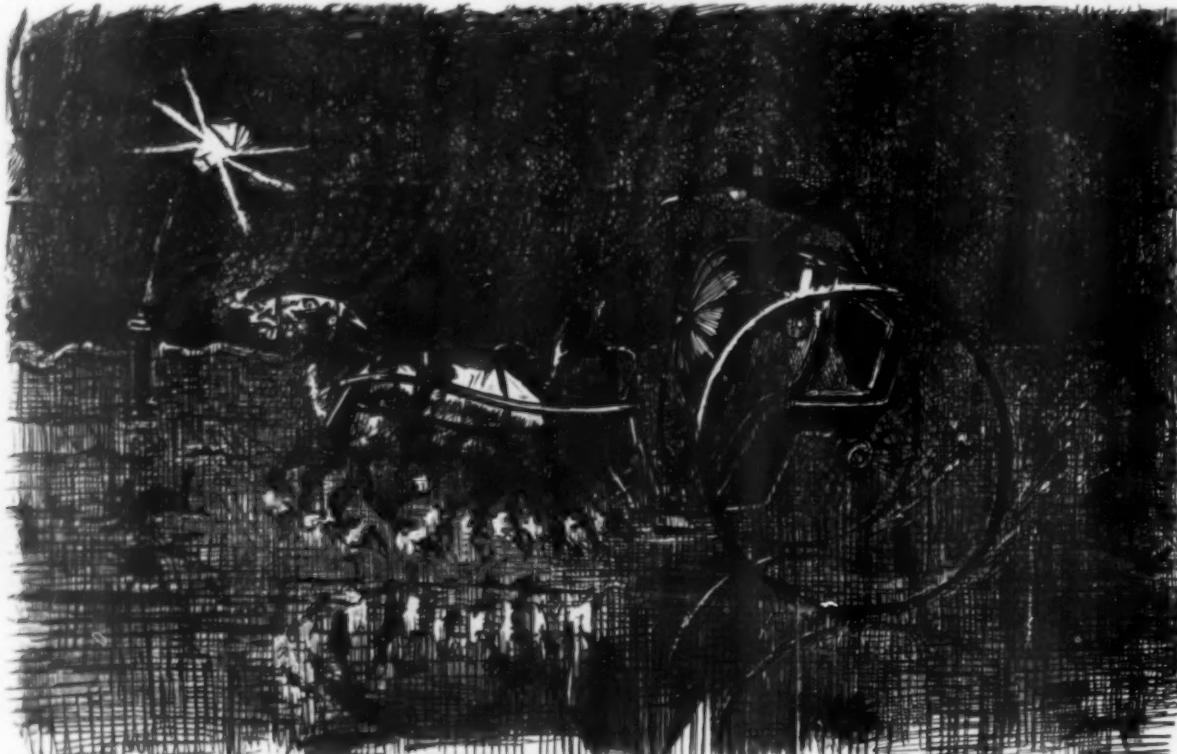
3. Comes on to rain. Stoopid not to have put on my goloshes. So muddy, too!



4. Gets darker and darker. Can't see my way a bit. Happy Thought, Hansom! Policeman says it's a cold night, and seems to think I ought to have put on a cape, or a comforter, or something. Thoughtful of him. Do feel rather chilly; got my Jägers on, fortunately.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

TOM NODDY'S CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE, AFTER COLD MINCE-PIES FOR SUPPER.



5. Gets lighter again. Beastly night, though. Capital horse. Wonder whether I ought to have put on dress clothes, after all? Too late now,—but one is always safe in evening dress, whatever happens.

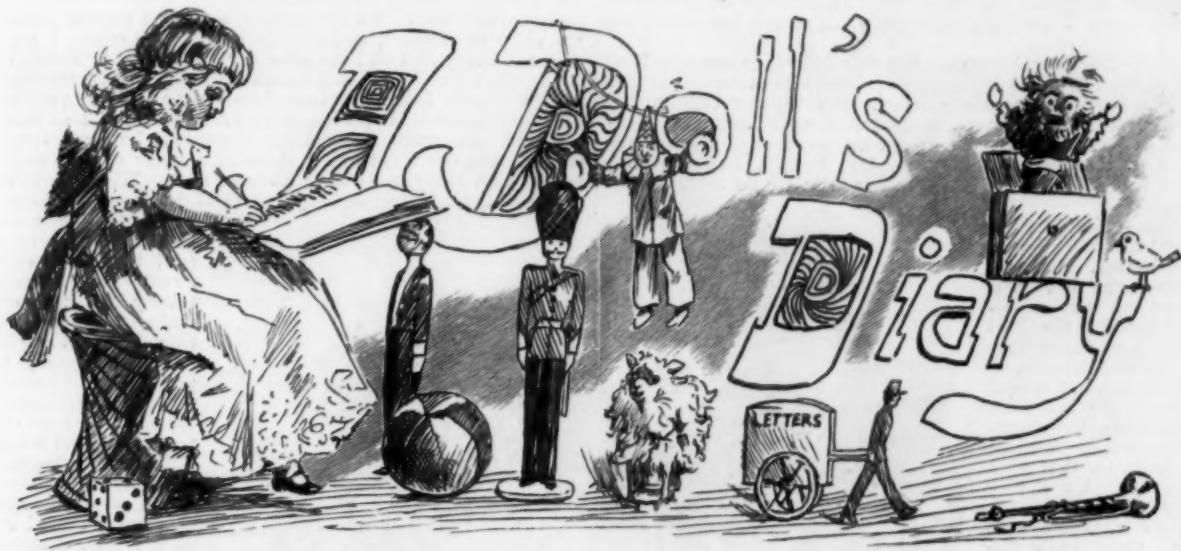


6. Confound it! Left all my money at home, in my waistcoat pocket. That's the worst of not dressing! Cabman insolent. Row!



7. Large party! Rent baize! Royalty! Wish I'd dressed! "Ere's a swell as can't pay his cab and ain't got no dress clothes!"

AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.



January 1.—Just had a brilliant idea—quite original. I don't believe even any human person ever thought of such a thing, but then,—besides being extremely beautiful and expensive, with refined wax features and golden hair—I am a very clever doll indeed. Frivolous, no doubt; heartless, so they tell me—but the very reverse of a *fool*. I flatter myself that if *anybody* understands the nature of toys, especially *male* toys—but I am forgetting my idea—which is this. I am going this year to write down—the little girl I belong to has no idea I can write, but I *can*—and better than *she* does, too!—to write down every event of importance that happens, *with the dates*. There! I fancy *that* is original enough. It will be a valuable dollian document when it is done, and *most* interesting to look back upon. Now I must wait for something to happen.



Backgammon. I do like a Toy to have *manly* tastes!

The Captain of a Wooden Marching Regiment quartered in the neighbourhood, was there in full uniform, but not dancing. Told me they *didn't* in his regiment. As his legs are made in one piece and glued on to a yellow stand, inclined to think this was not mere military swagger. He seemed considerably struck with me. Made an impression, too, on a rather elderly India-rubber Ball. Snubbed him, as one of the Ninepins told me he was considered "a bit of a bounder."

Some of the Composition Dolls, I could see, were perfectly *stiff*

with spite and envy. Spent a very pleasant evening, not getting back to my drawer till daylight. Too tired to write more.

Mem.—Not to sit out behind the coal-scuttle another time!

February 14.—Amount of attention I receive really quite embarrassing. The Ninepins are too *absurdly* devoted. One of them (the nicest of all) told me to-day he had never been so completely bowled over in his whole existence! I manage to play them off against each other, however. The India-rubber Ball, too, is at my feet—and, naturally, I spurn him, but he is so short-winded that nothing will induce him to rise. Though naturally of an elastic temperament, he has been a good deal cast down of late. I smile on him occasionally—just to keep the Ball rolling; but it is becoming a frightful bore.

March.—Have been presented with a charming pony-carriage, with two piebald ponies that go by clock-work. I wish, though, I was not expected to share it with a *live kitten*! The kitten has no idea of repose, and spoils the effect of the turn-out. Try not to seem aware of it—even when it claws my frock. Rather interested in a young Skipjack, whom I see occasionally; he is quite good-looking, in a common sort of way. I talk to him now and then—it is something to do; and he is a new type, so different from the Ninepins!

April 1.—Have just heard the Skipjack is engaged to a plaster Dairy-maid. A little annoyed, because he really seemed— Have been to see his *fiancée*, a common-place creature, with red checks, and a thick waist. Congratulate the Skipjack, with just a *hint* that he might have looked higher. Afraid that he misunderstood me, for he absolutely jumped.

April 7.—The Skipjack tells me he has *broken off his engagement*; he seems to think I shall guess the reason—but I don't, of course. Then he actually has the impertinence to (I can scarcely pen the words for indignation) to *propose*—to Me! I inform him, in the most *unmistakable* terms, that he has presumed on my good-nature, and that there are social barriers between us, which no Skipjack can ever surmount. He leaves me abruptly, after declaring that I have broken the spring of his existence.

April 8.—Much shocked and annoyed. The Skipjack found quite stiff and colourless this morning, in the water-jug! Must have jumped in last night. So *very* rash and silly of him! Am sure I gave him no encouragement—or *next to none*. Hear that the Dairy-maid has gone off her head. Of course it will be put down to *grief*; but we all know how easily plaster heads get



THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

cracked. Feel really distressed about it all, for the blame is sure to fall on me. Those Composition Dolls will make a fine scandal out of it!

May.—The Ninepins are getting very difficult to manage; have to put them down, as delicately as possible; but I am afraid, poor fellows, they are dreadfully upset. The Wooden Captain has challenged the Dice-box to a duel—I fear, on my account. However, as the officer's sword will not unglue, I hope nothing will come of it. All this most worrying, though, and gives me little real satisfaction. I find myself sighing for more difficult conquests.

June.—Went to afternoon tea with the biggest Dutch Doll. Rather a come-down, but now that there is this coolness between the Composition set and myself, I must go somewhere. I feel so bored at times! Can see the ridiculous Dutch thing is trying to out-dress me! She had a frock on that must have cost at least fifty beads, and I don't believe it will ever be paid for! Only made her look the bigger *guy*, though! Tea-party a stupid affair. Make-believe tea in pewter cups. Met the latest arrival, a really nice-looking Gentleman Doll, introduced as "Mr. JOSEPH." Very innocent face, without any moustache, and the sweetest blue eyes (except mine) I think I ever saw! Seemed rather shy, but pleasant. Asked him to call.

June 18.—Mr. JOSEPH has not called yet. Very strange! Suspect those horrid Composition Dolls have been setting him against me. Met him by the back-board and scolded him. He seemed confused. By a little management, I got it all out of him. I was right. He has been told about the Skipjack. He has strict principles, and gave me to understand that he would prefer to decline my acquaintance—which was like his impudence! This is exciting, though. I intend to overcome these scruples; I mean him to be madly in love with me—then I shall scornfully reject him, which will serve him just right!

July.—My tactics have succeeded—at last! To-day JOSEPH called, ostensibly to beg me to go and see the unhappy Ball, who, it seems, is terribly collapsed, reduced to a mere bowl, and so exhausted that he cannot hold out much longer. However, in the course of the interview, I soon made him oblivious of the Ball. He fell at my feet. "Beautiful GLORIANA," he cried, "with all your many and glaring faults, I love you!" Then I carried out the rest of my programme—it was a painful scene, and I will only record that when he left me, he was completely un-dollled! I feel almost sorry for him—he had rather a nice face!

July 4.—I don't seem able to settle to anything. After all, I think I will go and see the poor Ball. It would comfort him, and I might see him there. I will order the pony carriage.

* * * * *

August.—What has happened to me? Where have I been all this time? Let me collect myself, and see how much I remember. My last clear recollection is of being in my carriage on my way to receive the departing Ball's last sigh... Something has started

the clockwork. My ponies are bolting, and I haven't the slightest control over them! We are rushing along the smooth plain of the chest of drawers, and rapidly nearing the edge. I try to scream for help, but all I can utter is, "Papa!" and "Mamma!" All at once I see him standing, calm and collected, on the very brink of the precipice. Is he strong enough to stop the ponies in their mad clockwork career, and save me, even yet? How I will love him if he does! An instant of sickening suspense... we are over!—falling down, down, down... A crash, a whirr of clockwork, a rush of bran to my head—and I know no more. What follows is a dream—a horrible, confused nightmare—of lying among a heap of limp bodies—some armless, some legless, others (ah! the horror of it) headless! I grope blindly for my own limbs—they are intact; then I feel the place where I naturally expect to find my head—it is gone!... The shock is too much—I faint once more. And that is all.

Thank goodness, it was only a dream—for here I am, in the same old nursery again! Not all a dream, either—or my pony-carriage would scarcely present such a damaged appearance. The accident was real. Then what—what has become of JOSEPH? I must find him—I must make him understand that I repent—that, for the future, I intend to be a changed doll!

September.—Still searching for JOSEPH. No trace of him. I seem to be a changed doll in more ways than one. My former set knows me not. The Ninepins do not stagger when I smile at them now; the Dice-box gapes open-mouthed at my greeting. I call upon the Composition Dolls—they are very polite; but it is quite clear that they don't remember me in the least! Alas! how soon one is forgotten in the world of Toys! Have no heart to recall myself to them. I go, for the first time since my accident, to a convenient brass knob, in which I would once gaze at my reflected features by the hour. How indescribable are my sensations at the discovery that I have a *totally new head*—a china one! I, who used to look down on china dolls! It is a very decent head, in its way; quite neat and inoffensive, with smooth, shiny hair, which won't come down like the golden locks I once had. I am glad—yes, glad now—that JOSEPH has gone, and the home he used to occupy is deserted, and shut up. If he were here, he would not know me either. Now I can live single all my remaining days, in memory of him, and devote myself to doing good!

October.—Have entered on my new career. Am organising a Mission for Lost Toys, and a Clothing Club for Rag Dolls. To-day, while "slumming" in the lumber-closet, found my old acquaintance, the Dutch Doll in a shocking state of

destitution—nothing on her but a piece of tattered tissue-paper! To think that my evil example and her own senseless extravagance have brought her to this! Gave her one of my old tea-gowns and a Sunday domino, but did not reveal myself. Feeling very sad and lonely: think I shall have to keep a cockroach—I must have something to love me!

October 15.—Someone has taken poor dear JOSEPH's old house. I see a new doll, with a small but worldly black moustache and a

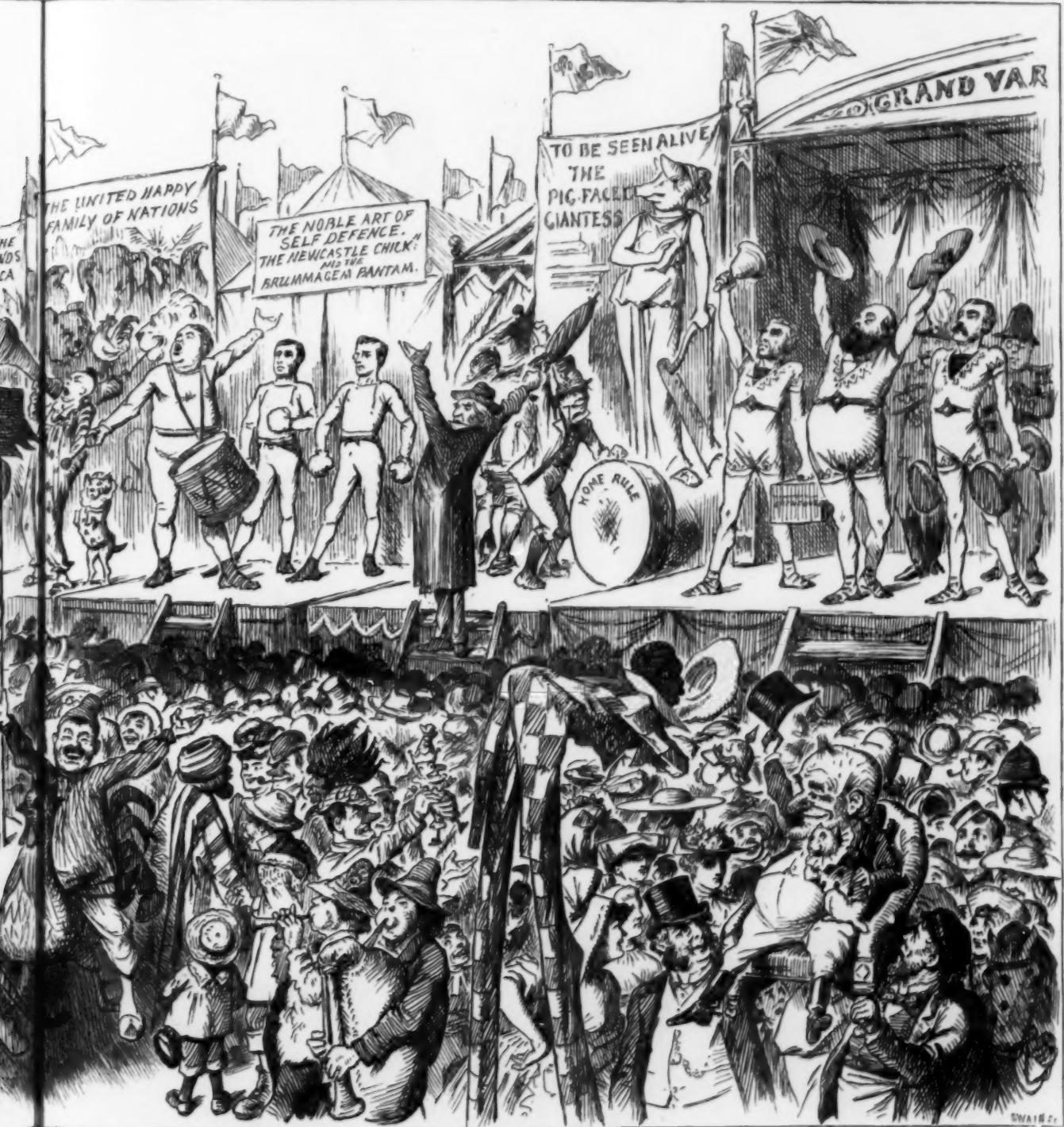




THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH



MR. PUNCH'S WORK



AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.

very bad countenance, watching me as I pass the windows. Shall call and leave a scripture brick. It may do him good.

October 16.—Have called . . . Never heard worse language from the lips of *any* doll! Came across my old admirer, the Ball, who is better, though still what I have heard the nursery governess describe as an "*oblate spheroid*." Of course he did not recognise me.

December.—Have seen a good deal of the Doll with the worldly moustache lately. From certain symptoms, do not despair of reforming him—ultimately. He seems softening. Yesterday he told me he did not think he should live long. Yet he has a splendid constitution—the best porcelain.

He is dreadfully cynical, seems so reckless about everything. If I could only reclaim him—for JOSEPH's sake!

This afternoon I saw the yellow stand which the Wooden Captain used to occupy—what memories it recalled, ah me! Can he have disgraced himself and been "broke"? And am I responsible?

Christmas Eve.—Am sitting in my corner, my cockroach curled comfortably at my feet, when the Walking Postman comes up with a letter—for me! It is

from the Wicked Doll! He is very ill, *dying*, he thinks, and wishes to see me. How well I remember that *other* message which JOSEPH—but JOSEPH is taken, and the Ball still bounds! Well, I will go. It will be something to tell my Diary.

Christmas Day.—Something *indeed*! How shall I begin my wondrous *incredible* tale? I reached the Doll's House, which looked gloomier and more deserted than ever, with the sullen glow of the dying fire reflected redly in its windows. The green door stood open—I went in. "Ha, ha! *trapped!*" cried a sneering voice behind me. It was the Wicked Doll! his letter was a *ruse*—he was as well as I was—and I—I was shut up there in that lonely house, entirely at his mercy! . . . It was a frightful position for any doll to be placed in; and yet, looking back on it now, I don't think I minded it so *very* much.

"Listen!" he said, in response to my agonised entreaties. "Long, long ago, when I was young and innocent, a beautiful, but heartless being bewitched me, kid and bran! I told my love—she

mocked at me. Since then I have sworn, though she has escaped me, to avenge myself by sacrificing the life of the first doll I could entice into my power. You are that doll. You must die!" . . . "I am quite prepared," I told him—"do your worst!" which seemed to confuse him very much. "I will," he said, "presently—presently; there is no hurry. You see," he explained, in a tone almost of apology, "in endeavouring to save her life (it was my last good action) I got my head smashed, and received the substitute I now wear, which, as you will observe, is that of an unmitigated villain. And it's no use having a head like that if you don't live up to it—is it, now? So—as I think I observed before—prepare for the worst!" "Don't talk about it any more—do it!" I said, and I breathed JOSEPH's name softly. But the Wicked Doll did nothing at all. I began to feel safer—it

was so obvious that he hadn't the faintest notion *what* to do. "She treated me abominably," he said, feebly; "any doll would have been annoyed at the heartless way in which GLORIANA . . ."

I could contain my feelings no longer.

"JOSEPH!" I gasped (I had lost all fear of him), "you ridiculous old goose, don't you *know* me? I am GLORIANA, and I have found you at last!" And, with that, I flung myself into his arms, and told him everything. I think he was more relieved than anything. "So you are GLORIANA!" he said. "It's dreadfully bewildering; but, to tell you the honest truth, I can't keep up this villainy business any longer. I haven't been brought up to it, and I don't understand how it's done. So I tell you what we'll do. If you'll leave off living up to *your* new head, I won't try to live up to *mine!*" And so we settled it.

Postscript. December 31.—We are to be married to-morrow. The Dutch Doll is to be my bridesmaid, and the Wooden Captain (who was only away on sick leave, after all) is coming up to be best man. I have seen the poor old Ball, and told him there will always be a corner for him in our new home. I am very *very* happy. To think that JOSEPH should still care for his poor GLORIANA, altered and homely as her once lovely features have now become. But JOSEPH (who is leaning over my shoulder and reading every word I write) stops me here to assure me that I am lovelier than ever in *his* eyes. And really—I don't know—perhaps I am. And in *other* persons' eyes too, if it comes to that. I certainly don't intend to give up society just because I happen to be married!



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AN OLD-WORLD CHRISTMAS.

To myself I said, methinks I have heard of
Christmas jinks

In old days:

And, though folks may count me fool, I will
aim at keeping Yule

In those ways.

So my beef was firm and red, and I put
round the Boar's head

Rosemary;

I'd a Peacock quite correct, with his bright
tail-feathers decked,

In a pie.

I'd a Turkey, and a round of rich Brown
my table crowned,

As was meet;

I'd Mince-pies before there came the Plum-
pudding, and afame

Brandy neat.

Then a mighty bowl was full of what they
called Lamb's Wool,

Ale and spice;

Roasted apples, ginger too, and, to give the
drink its due,

Rather nice.

I had Sack of Sherry made, rather heady,
I'm afraid;

Often then



A SCOTS BALL-ROOM BALLAD.

(By The MacPry.)

WHY sit ye on the stair, Laddie,
Why sit ye on the stair?
It's merry dancing in the hall,
And partners still are there.

Ye arena in a cosy neuk,
But in the lamp's full glare;
No gentle whisperin' words are spoke—
Why sit ye on the stair?



You answer what the gaffer says,
You're lookin' for the lad.

(They winna stint their prattlin' talk—
Oh, but her eyes are sad!—
'Tis vain to cherche the fammy here,
I'll gang and speer the lad.)

Why prop ye up the wa', Laddie,
Why prop ye up the wa'?
Your lissome shoes are stickit oot,
Ye'll gar the dancers fa'.

Or feckless couples tearin' past,
Wi' elbows at an angle,
Will pin ye to the wainscoat fast
As wild boar in a jungle.

The floor's as smooth as summer grass,
Sins' feet, like crickets, caper,
And whirlin' kirtles, as they pass,
Sair waste the swelling taper.

The lassies' gowns are creased and rent;
The lads are oot o' knowledge;

They are as hot wi' twirlin' roon
As blacksmith frae the village.

The fiddles pour their love-sick pray'rs,
The flutie-man is whis'lin',
Just like when ancient madam scares
A thrummock-touzle hisslin'.

There's young folks movin' like a fair,
There's auld folks quaflin' sherry.
An' you see weary, fu' o' care,
When all the world is merry?

Gin ye maun feed your dowie grudge,
At least fill up your programme,
And come victorious from the crush
Like BONAPARTE from Wagram.

Nay, dinna off the lassie score;
Her heart sings, "Waly, waly!"
She's talkin' with that awfu' bore,
The Laird o' LANTHORN JAWLEY.

Qut, quit, for shame! This winna do.
Rouse up and play the man, Sir!
Fo, they should dance who have the chance,
And they should sup who can, Sir.

Ah, see, she smiles! Could any word
More eloquently call ye?
Now go and soothe your bonnie burd,
And banish LANTHORN JAWLEY.

So prop nae mair the wa', Laddie,
So prop nae mair the wa'—
(Ye dinna ken that on your coat
Yon candle-droppin's fa'?)

THE LOST—(AT LAST!)—CHORD.

SEATED one day in my study
I was anxious and ill at ease,
And I tapped at the window wildly
And rattled a bunch of keys;
Unless I could manage to scare him
All hope of repose was floored,
For borne like a wail on an Easterly gale
I heard that dread "Lost Chord!"

I made unambiguous signals
That I wanted the tune to cease,
For I had my work to finish,
And he was a foe to peace;
But the Grinder only answered.
With a fixed demoniac grin,

I would fill the beaker up, for they drained
full many a cup,

Those old men.

And the merry songs I trolled, as folks did
in days of old;

And they said

That I laid me down to snore 'mid the
rushes on the floor,

Not in bed.

As they taught in olden rhyme, I have kept
the Christmas time,

Ate my fill;

And, such scorn is at me hurled, that I
wouldn't for the world

Own I'm ill.

I'm abominably dry, and no breakfast
could I try—

For my life:

And I have to stand the jeers of my friends,
and worse, the sneers

Of my wife.

The historian may praise Christmas feasts
in ancient days, But I shiver,
For a real old Christmas revel, I can tell
you, plays the devil With your liver.

And steadily turned the handle,
And poured his distracting din.

I know not of what he was dreaming,
As softly I stole aside,
And thoughtfully lifted a scuttle of coals,
And opened the window wide;



Though I judge from his satisfied simper
That his dreams were of anything, but
Of a blackened mound, and a muffled sound,
And a window suddenly shut.

It may be they'll take the pieces
To his far Italian home,
And carve from his bones mosaical stones
To pave St. Peter's at Rome;
Or if they don't—it's the same to me,
But this I'm prepared to maintain,
That the "Chord" he started to play is lost,
And will never be found again.

AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.

TOM NODDY'S CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE, AFTER COLD MINCE-PIES FOR SUPPER.



8. No idea the BONAMYS lived in such style. Wish to goodness I'd only dressed. Must explain to Mrs. B. She's a woman of the world. She'll understand.



9. Splendid Party — Royalty — Ambassadors — Bishops — all the Lions of the Season. No time to explain to Mrs. B. Besides she never notices a man's dress. Told me so herself.



10. Ask a Young Masher if he thinks it matters much, about dress. He says not, so long as one looks like a Gentleman. Says he's a Gentleman of Blue-blood, himself. *Azure, on a Field Or.*



11. Ask him to tell me as a Gentleman if I look like a Gentleman. Says he's not quite sure; so there's a row. He bleeds *Gules*, on a Field *Argent*, as I thought he would. I don't bleed anything worth swaggering about.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

TOM NODDY'S CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE, AFTER COLD MINCE-PIES FOR SUPPER.



12. When the row's over I'm presented to H.R.H. Princess FREDEGUNDA ZU DONNERHAUSEN VON BLITZENSTEIN. The Band strikes up 'Dream Faces,' and H.R.H. invites me to waltz. Wish I'd got on my ne'- Muve Pyjamas with the silver fringe, instead of these beastly Jagers!

13. There's no stiffness about Royalty, anyhow. She gets bigger and bigger, and tells me that I am "Ze Ideal of her kirlish dreams." This is all very well, but I'm engaged to marry VERA GILPIN—and VERA GILPIN has just arrived!



14. Besides we're making a sensation, and everybody stares, which I hate—and VERA GILPIN has got tears in her lovely eyes! So I manage to give H.R.H. the slip, and crawl under the piano—and there, confound it, I meet that beastly Cabman, who actually dares to say that I—
(And with a start, he awakes.)

AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.



A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF A DAUGHTER OF THIRTEEN.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

SIMPLE STORIES.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!"

NO. III.—HARRY AND THE HORNETS.

On a bank at the end of the field adjoining the garden of the house where HARRY's Papa lived was a hornet's nest.

The children had all been especially forbidden to go into the field.

HARRY, however, thought he knew how to take care of himself, and one morning, when his parents had driven over to Dobbington, determined he would pay a visit to the forbidden spot.

He could just see the nest, one or two hornets were crawling in and out, and a few buzzing about in the neighbourhood. They were enormous hornets. He inserted the point of a switch in the nest, and rattled it about.

In a moment there was a roar, and the air was thick with a cloud of hornets. HARRY turned and fled through the garden-gate, and did not know where to go.

All at once he saw Uncle BULGER's gigantic portable india-rubber bath, which had been put out in the garden to dry. To rush towards it, and turn it over him like a dish-cover, was the work of a second. The hornets settled on the top in hundreds, and stung furiously and vindictively. Their stings, however, had enormous barbs, and, once inserted in the india-rubber, it was impossible to withdraw them.

The insects became wild with fury; at last they all fluttered their wings in unison, and flew away with Uncle BULGER's bath right across the country, and HARRY laughed loudly to think how clever a boy he had been.

His face fell, however, when he saw his Papa beckon him from the window. "My son," said the gentleman, who never lost his temper, "have you been stung?"

"No, Papa," replied HARRY, hanging his head.

"Well, then, my dear boy," answered the father, with a bland smile, and producing something which looked uncommonly like a birch rod, "the duty the hornets neglected, I will do my best to perform." *And he did!*

MR. PUNCH'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1892. FOR APRIL.

THE birthday of Prince Von BISMARCK, on the 1st, will be celebrated by the fools of the period. His Imperial Master will send the Ex-Chancellor a speech and a portrait—which will be valued by their recipient as of equal value. On the 6th there will be a great demonstration of ancient females. Many venerable dames will travel to the Bank, others will patronise the National Gallery, and the South Kensington Museum, and others, again, will go to the Crystal Palace. Expectant grand-nephews will visit their grand-aunts, and the suction of eggs will be practically



Jules (from France). "MILLE PARDONS, MONSIEUR, MAIS VOUS SERIEZ BIEN AIMABLE DE M'INDIQUER LA ROUTE POUR PEEKKADILLI?"
Brown (from the Country, suddenly called upon to speak French). "OH—AH—FASHY DER DEER, MOSSOU, KEE MWAW OSSE SWEEZE ETRANGLAY!"



right across the country, and HARRY laughed loudly to think how clever a boy he had been.

taught to many grandmothers by their grandchildren. The reason of this unusual attention to the more elderly of the weaker sex will be found in the fact that the 6th is "Old Lady Day." On the 18th 'ARRY and 'ARRIET will hold high festival, in honour of Easter Monday. By the peculiar arrangement of the stars, it would seem that *Kiss-in-the-Ring* will be played at Sydenham, and a Ministerial crisis will take place in Turkey. Universal regret will be felt at the expiry of Life Insurance on the 9th. The weather will be changeable. Rain may be expected during the month at Margate, Gravesend, Birmingham, Brighton, and some parts of Persia. The St. James's Park blossoms will appear, without leaves on the trees, to the great annoyance of the keepers.

THE OUTCAST.

(With Nominal Apologies to Mr. Robert Buchanan.)

I'm a meek-mannered man with a meek-mannered wife, And three daughters, whose happiness counts as my own.

I've a hatred of jars and of all kinds of strife, And leave family quarrels severely alone. Yet I do not mind saying that just now I'm rather embarrassed at times in the rôle of a father.

For my daughters have met, as they say, with their fate, Which in English just means that they've all got engaged, And their lovers come spooning from early to late, Whilst the girls get short-tempered and even enraged If, as sometimes it happens, they cannot discover A separate room for each girl and her lover.

When but one was engaged it was all very well, And the drawing-room did for MARY TILDA and NED.

Then ADOLPHUS proposed to my next daughter, NELL,

Well—the dining-room suited them nicely, they said.

But the worst was to come when diminutive GERTIE

Came to tell me she wished to be married to BERTIE.

For they've taken the breakfast-room—all that was left

Of the house that I dared to consider as mine.

So my wife and myself have to live on, bereft [firmly decline

Of our rooms, since we gently, but

Our family tent of existence to pitch in

The only resort still remaining—the kitchen.

Well, the girls, I suppose, deem it nothing but bliss,

It's the parents who find it so dear at the price.

Then attend, all ye fathers, and listen to this,

As I give you at parting a word of advice:

In engagements remember this rule—use no other—

You should see one through first, e'er you sanction another.



AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.



WHAT ! Christmas again ! I had almost forgotten that the time had come round for this pageant once more, And I hardly know why, but I find " something rotten In the state"—of affairs, as did Hamlet of yore. For I dread all this season of frolicsome folly, When we keep "Merry Christmases" ever in stock, When the Curates are happy with putting up holly

And mistletoe, too, with the fair of their flock.

Ah ! that mention of mistletoe sets me a-thinking Of a girl, whom I knew for a minute or so. I was young at the time, and there's no use in blinking The fact that it happened a long time ago. She reminded me strangely of sweet Dolly Varden. She was dressed for the part, and I thought her as fair; And I recollect well how we strolled in the garden To look at a flower, which, of course, wasn't there.

She was, oh ! so afraid that her friends would have missed her, And she really did think I should "take her in now." Which I did on the spot right away—for I kissed her, Just beneath a large tree with an arch-shaped bough. Then she flared up directly—how dared I to do it ? But I listened to all her blind fury with glee, As I laughingly showed her—for I alone knew it— An immense piece of mistletoe up in the tree.

I have ne'er seen her since. And so here I sit sighing, Whilst the snow's lying thick on the pavement outside. Yet, stay—it's the poets, perhaps, do the lying; They could do a good deal in that line if they tried. I am right. It's quite fine. There's the sun through the trees. On Reflection, I quite think the right thing to do Is to join heart and soul in the joys of the season, So I'm in for a Right Merry Christmas,—aren't you ?

MR. PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF DEFINITIONS.

(For the Use of Young Writers.)

A DOWAGER.

(a.) A DRAGON with a brood of daughters. She must be appeased by the sacrifice of an eldest son, or by the offer of the first-fruits (and meats) of the supper-table.

(b.) A being of uncertain temper and a certain age. Though she has a will of her own, she often depends upon the will of her husband, and is much given to deplore both the fixity of her own income and the laxity of other people's morals.

(c.) A Society line-of-battle ship, rendered obsolete by the loss of her consort. Though she often provokes engagements, she is never known to strike her flag. She will blockade a defenceless bachelor in order to cut off his supplies and make them her daughter's, and will bombard a Royal Palace in order to capture an invitation.

(d.) A star of unknown magnitude revolving round the sons of other stars.

A BANKRUPT.

(a.) A TRUE man who observes all human properties with a view to making them his own. Yet, while he acquires the possessions, he alienates the affection of his creditors, and is often stripped of all that he ought never to have had, in order that the lender of a pound may be made happy by the bestowal of a penny.

(b.) A musician, who always plays with notes, and finds in composition a never-failing consolation.

(c.) A paradox, who, though he always outruns the constable, is often caught by the police, and finds himself face to face with liabilities which he is never able to meet.

Owing to not having time to turn round, he sometimes omits to act on the square, and always qualifies by total failure for the successful passing of his examination.

SONG FOR SHROVE TUESDAY.

LIFE's like a pancake, very thin flat matter,
Tasteless (without Love's sugar and Hate's lemon)
At health's firm bastion not in vain its "batter,"
With Indigestion an attendant demon.
Kept o'er the fire, continually crossed,
By fumes of darkness, and with trouble "tossed."

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

SIMPLE STORIES.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!"

No. IV.—PETER AND THE PIG.

A KIND but injudicious Uncle had sent PETER a very large pork-pie. PETER's Mamma had invited a number of his young friends to share it with him on his birthday. She meant that they should have a little feast, and all be very happy and merry together. This excellent idea, however, did not meet with PETER's approval.

He was a selfish boy, and had no notion of his pork-pie being converted into a limited liability company. So when his Mamma was busy with preparations for the feast, and his sister was taking her music-lesson, he tied up the pork-pie in a blue pocket-handkerchief, and stole quietly out of the house, determined to have a private pic-nic.

He walked away rapidly till he found himself in the Waffle Woods, and when he knew he was quite out of sight and hearing, he sat himself down beneath an oak tree; he undid the blue handkerchief, and brought out his pork-pie. "Now," said the greedy boy, as he cut himself an enormous slice, "I shall enjoy myself very much."

He continued to eat, but he found he did not enjoy it. He however, tried his hardest to fancy he was having a very good time. At his fourth slice he heard a rustling in the bushes. He started and trembled, because he knew he was doing wrong. He was horrified to find the intruder was none other than Snaboo, his father's big black pig, also having a pic-nic by itself on acorns.

PETER was indeed frightened, because he remembered that he had frequently goaded and teased Snaboo in its sty. Not a moment was to be lost. The Pig had seen the boy, and PETER had scarcely gained a safe position up the tree, before Snaboo was grunting furiously at its foot, and vindictively trampling the



pork-pie to pieces. There the Pig remained, and snorted, and grunted, and stamped. It was getting long past dinner-time, and PETER was afraid he should have to stop all night in the tree. At last, thinking the Pig was getting quiet, he looked cautiously out.

He looked out too far. He slipped; he fell! He fell astride on the Pig's broad back, with his arms round its neck.

The boy was an excellent rider, and his presence of mind on this occasion saved him. Laying hold of the Pig by the ears, and sticking his knees well into its fat sides, he jerked its head up.

Snaboo gave a fiendish squeal, and started at a terrible pace the shortest cut to the Farm. PETER had nothing to do but to hold on. He was bruised by branches, torn by briars, and bespattered with mud. He arrived at the Farm looking like a scarecrow, and found all his nicely-dressed little friends waiting for the birthday feast.

PETER, however, could not join in the festivity. Bumped, bruised and bleeding; torn, tattered and tired; cross, chilled and crestfallen; sick, sad and sorry, he had to go to bed at once. And there he mused over the disadvantages of gluttony and the fleeting nature of all earthly joys.

Ever afterwards he treated pigs with the most profound

respect, and he never saw a pork-pie without immediately longing to give it away.

LINES BY A LOVER OF FASHION.

METAPHYSICIANS never will inveigle

My mind to study all their hollow "humming";
But in one thing I do agree with HEGEL

That "everything's becoming."
That is, of course, everything that's in fashion.
(N.B.—This puts my spouse in such a passion!)

MR. PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF DEFINITIONS.

(For the Use of Young Writers.)

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

(a.) They are such stuff as grandmothers are made of. Though the raw material is (conventionally) disagreeable, the manufactured article is universally considered delightful. It is curious that the same woman who is supposed to overwhelm a second generation with advice and anger, should load the third with indulgence and gifts.

(b.) Stock for the professional comic man's literary soup-kitchen. As thin humour à la mauvaise femme, they are ladled out piping hot in recitations, in farces, and in the comic columns of country newspapers.

(c.) Women who reprove in their daughters those domestic faults which they have never attempted to control in their own conduct. On the whole, they are kindly critics of the failings and merits of their sons-in-law, but they rarely associate on friendly terms with those other mothers-in-law with whom they may happen to be connected by marriage. They often bestow jewels and warnings upon their daughters-in-law.



A BUTLER.

(a.) A mean between a cook and a master. In the basement, and part of the ground floor, he reigns under the title of "Mr.;" but, as he rises on the staircase, he drops in dignity, until he enters the drawing-room with a bare surname.

(b.) A glass of fashion to the pantry department, and a mould of form to the lady who moulds the creams and jellies. He is naturally much addicted to the intimate companionship of other glasses, which sometimes cast reflections upon his character.

(c.) A privileged person, who constantly sees what his host often desires, in vain, to see—the backs of all the guests at a dinner-party. He holds himself solemnly and silently aloof from all dinner-table conversations; and the joke of a guest, which throws a hostess into convulsions, fails to raise a smile upon his marble face. Though he is not invariably amiable, he frequently helps every guest at table, and, in this sense (amongst others) he is not only an aider, but a better than the host.



AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.



Linley Sambourne
AESOP UP TO DATE.

THE LION IN LOVE (!) (The Peace at any Price Party.)

THE DOGS IN THE MANGER. (Tourists and Access to Mountains.)

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

In the Stable. Quite quiet Horse being admired by Professional Groom and Amateur Equestrian. "HE WOULDN'T HURT A BIBY—HE'S A 'OS AS YOU CAN TRUST."

MR. PUNCH'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1892.

FOR MAY.

On the 1st the birthday of the Duke of CONNAUGHT will cause great satisfaction, the event being celebrated by the Sun, who will rise on this special occasion at 4:34 A.M., and set at 7:23 P.M. The 93rd anniversary of the Storming of Seringapatam will be celebrated on the 4th by the survivors of that memorable victory. A list of the names of those present at the Academy Banquet will be given in the daily papers on the following morning. This will be a bad time for City men to put up their names at the West-End Clubs, as the operation is sure to end in disaster. South Africa will again attract attention, and the *Daily Graphic* will obtain letters from that interesting spot with a less expenditure than £2,000. Excitement may be expected in France, and several political prisoners will be sent to Siberia. The Volunteers will once more show a falling off in numbers, and questions will be asked in Parliament, without eliciting a satisfactory answer. Sporting men will take an interest in the Derby, and there will be a slight disturbance in South America. The weather of the month will be changeable. The Sun, however, will be seen several times during the thirty-one days by resident Londoners.

FOR JUNE.

On the 18th, the 77th anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo will produce a paragraph in the morning papers. In the House there will be several Divisions, which will lead to small results. The so-called "working-men" will require an eight hours' day of labour, but will be opposed by four-fifths of their fellows. The City will be unsettled, foreign stock being depressed, and grey shirtings absolutely dull. The weather will be changeable, and once more become a topic of conversation. During the month rain will be threatening, or actually fall in the Isle of Skye.

FOR JULY.

THIS will be a great month for America. Nothing much elsewhere. It may be assumed that if the London County Council has hitherto behaved with propriety (a large assumption), now will be the time for the members to distinguish themselves, individually and collectively, as *idiota*. They will be guilty of some gross piece of folly that will be received with derision by the world at large, and with joy by the writers of comic copy.

FOR AUGUST.

ON the 1st, the statutory Bank Holiday will be observed by the overcrowding of excursion-trains and the enlivening of quiet watering-places. Rejoicings at Margate. After months of wrangling over the smallest and least important measure, a year's legislation will be hurried through both Houses in half-a-dozen days. Goose-shooting commences. Hampers due early at *Mr. Punch's* Office, 83, Fleet Street. During the month a bad time may be expected in the City. The Outside Advertising Broker will advise in vain. In spite of frequent suggestions to take up Turkish Bosh and other securities of equal value, the public will stand aside.

SEPTEMBER.

CARTRIDGES and Partridges. On the 1st, partridge buying and selling will commence, the shooting having begun some days previously. On the 10th, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will keep his sixty-first birthday, and will reflect seriously upon the advisability of extinguishing the Income-Tax. People who were personally acquainted with King RICHARD THE THIRD will remember that the 22nd of this month was (in 1485) the date of his death. There will be an invasion of Switzerland by the great tribes of BROWN, JONES and ROBINSON, and the clan of MCSMITH will flow into Italy. Letters of complaint, about foreign hotels and foreign travel generally, will appear in the *Times*.

OCTOBER.

EVERY one being more or less out of town until the end of the month, Fate will be busier abroad than at home. The GERMAN



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

Out of Stable. Professional Groom, accustomed to his rides, is giving a show—perfect. "HE'S ALL RIGHT WHEN YOU KNOW HIM—"

AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

Amateur (making his acquaintance). "BUT—YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW HIM FUST."

EMPEROR, who will have spent the summer in upsetting all the arrangements of his Royal Brethren by paying them unsolicited visits, will turn his attention to domestic affairs. He will interfere with the couriers, the housemaids, the piano-makers, the brewers, the toy-manufacturers, and the chemists. Having settled these small matters, he will take funerals in hand, and revolutionise the undertaking trade. After this he will alter all the railways, and fortify Berlin. By this time the date will have been reached for his visits to Australia, Siberia, Thibet, and Timbuctoo. There will be storms at sea, and great trouble on land will be caused by the opening, on the 24th, of the Michaelmas Law Sittings.

FOR NOVEMBER.

On the 3rd, the MIKADO of JAPAN will attain his thirtieth year, but in London the birthday will be observed with appropriate distinctions on the 5th. 9th, Good day for going out quietly and seeing the sights. A few persons will dine in the City. The General Election will certainly be held in this month, unless some other date is selected for an appeal to the Constituencies. Coals will rise in value, and much uneasiness will be felt as to the future of gas and the electric light. During the month, London will gradually receive back the number of holiday-taking absentees, who will receive a hearty welcome by the County Council, who will carefully take up the roads on the Embankment, the Strand, Fleet Street, Holborn, and other popular thoroughfares.

FOR DECEMBER.

THE year will end in comparatively cold weather. Compared with August, the thermometer will be found several degrees lower, although possibly higher than the readings of July. On the 17th, the Law Terms of the year will end amidst great rejoicings. After this there will be no date worthy of notice until the 25th, when all the world over there will be family greetings of a more or less cordial character. 26th. Good day to go out of Town early, and remain in some part of the country where you are quite unknown, and where no Christmas-boxes can be expected of you, returning in time for first Pantomime Night at Drury Lane.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

(By an Old-fashioned Fellow.)

I'd sooner PHILLIS well-cooked a potato,
Than talk of the *Symposium* of PLATO :
I'd rather CHLOE helped me pass the bottle,
Than pass eulogiums on ARISTOTLE :
When physic should be shaken well and taken,
Kind Nurse NEERA need not talk of BACON :
And when soft fingers ought to mend my sock,
LALAGE should not lisp to me of LOCKE.

When I've the megrims and the time would kill,
MYRTILLA must not fill my mind with MILL,
Nor RHODOPE retort, when I incense her,
With icy arguments from HERBERT SPENCER.
No PHILLIS, CHLOE, LALAGE, NEERA,
I love not this emancipated era.
To teach the sweeter sex to know its station,
And fill it, is the Higher Education !

MIXED PROVERBS.

IT is a long-suffering worm that has no turning.
A rolling snowball gathers as it goes.
The "proof" of the plum-pudding is in the
brandy-sauce.

When beauty looks out of window, love comes
in at the door.

A "fourpenny doss" makes us acquainted
with strange bed-fellows.

Early to bed and early to rise means snuffing
the candle of life at both ends.

You cannot restore hearing to a deaf sow with a silken purse.
Time and Tide never turn the "Tables" on each other.
The more "laps" the less "sprinting."

It generally takes three to make a quarrel; two to differ, and one
to set them by the ears.

Birds of a feather are the most jealous of each other's plumage,
fine feathers often making unfair birds.

You never value the water till your neighbour wants to fill
her bucket at your well.

A "bird" in the bag is worth a brace in the heather. [hens.
Don't buy eggs for hatching until you have counted your sitting



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

"'OFF! OFF!' CRIED THE STRANGER,
'OFF! OFF! AND AWAY!'"

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

A STRICT SENSE OF DUTY: OR THE SUFFERINGS OF A CONSCIENTIOUS MODEL.



"AH! THAT'S CAPITAL! NOW KINDLY KEEP THAT YAWN, PLEASE."



"HULLO! HERE I SAY! PHEUGH!! CON—!!!"



"—FOUND THAT STOVE! WHAT ON EARTH'S GONE WRONG WITH IT!?"



"UGH!! SIMPLY MUST PUT IT OUT! HERE GOES!!"

LUNATIONS.

By Our Colicell-Hatchney Astrologer.

Oh, the silent Synedoche sleeps in the silt,
Of the pleiocene's plastic deposit,
Secreting in silex its gneiss-inspired guilt,
As the skeleton hides in its closet.

The Hyleg is up, like an Irish M.P.,
Asking horary questions all round;
And the Fortunate Signs at their five o'clock tea

In bilingual bathos are bound.
Hero CLAUDIUS PTOLEMY's playing at Nap,

With true tetribiblical zest.
There EUODUXUS is lolling in Virgo's soft lap,
And lulling the Dog Star to rest.
The Cusp of the Fourth House,
The bland *Inum Celi*,



"OH! BY JOVE! IT'S WORSE THAN EVER! I'M OFF!!"

Model is left sitting!

May wander at will o'er the wold;
The Heliocentric may perorate freely,
And Saturn in sextile may scold;
But never again whilst Ecliptics cavort
In wild hexagon waltz round the Sun,
Shall the happy Ephemeris sit up and snort,
Or—but here comes my keeper;
I've done!

DISILLUSION.

If aught can fill a *gourmand* with sheer dread
That life's last pleasures from him fast are flowing,
'Tis sitting at a feast, with a bald head,
And a *fat red-nosed waiter* on it blousing!

AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.



"DOUBLE, DOUBLE TOIL AND TROUBLE."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH



ÆSOP UP TO DATE.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE WELL. (Theosophy and its Disciples.)

THE FOX AND THE CROW. (Marriage for Money.)

AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.



ÆSOP UP TO DATE.

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING. (The Advertising Usurer.)

L. S. Lowry

THE ASS EATING THISTLES. (The Public and its Pabulum.)



SOW AN ACT, AND YOU REAP A HABIT; SOW A HABIT, AND YOU REAP A CHARACTER; SOW A CHARACTER, AND YOU REAP A DESTINY.—

FORCE AND GENTLENESS.

Thackeray.

"UNLESS MAN CAN ERECT HIMSELF ABOVE HIMSELF, HOW POOR A THING IS MAN."

"SWEET MERCY IS NOBILITY'S TRUE BADGE."—Shakespeare. "GENTLENESS: THE UNARMED CHILD."—Emerson.

"LOVE would put a new face on this weary old world, in which we dwell as pagans and enemies too long; and it would warm the heart to see how fast the vain diplomacy of Statesmen, the impotence of Armies and Navies and lines of defence would be superseded by this unarmed child. Love will creep where it cannot go; will accomplish that by imperceptible methods—being its own fulcrum, lever, and power—which force could never achieve. Have you not seen in the woods, on a late autumn morning, a poor fungus or mushroom, a plant without any solidity—nay, that seemed nothing but a soft mush jelly—by its constant, bold, and inconceivable gentle pushing manage to break its way up through the frosty ground, and actually to lift hard crust on its head? This is the symbol of the power of kindness. The virtue of this principle in human society, in application to great interests, is obsolete and forgotten. Once or twice in history it has been tried, in illustrious instances, with signal success. This great overgrown dead Christendom of ours still keeps alive at least the name of a lover of mankind. But one day all men will be lovers, and every calamity will be dissolved in the universal sunshine."—Emerson.

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.

Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, feverish colds, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of stomach, &c.—Use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It is pleasant, cooling, health-giving, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

"From the days of Naaman the simplicity of a remedy often militates against it in the eyes of the ignorant sufferer. As the captain of the hosts of the king of Syria rebelled at the injunction 'Wash and be clean,' so the dyspeptic of to-day, in many instances, treats with contempt a curative agent at once so natural and so efficacious as ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." In this case, however, Mr. J. C. Eno may claim to have educated the public mind to an appreciative understanding of the remedial virtues possessed by this compound. The labour has been a Herculean one, and has met with the recognition so justly due. Did the world stand still, but little necessity would exist for dwelling upon the special recommendations of ENO'S world-famous "FRUIT SALT." Its merits have been published, tested, and approved from pole to pole, and its popularity to-day presents the most signal illustration of commercial enterprise in our trading records. In view of the steady influx of new-buyers into all the markets of the world, it is impossible to rest on laurels ardently won, and for this reason I have pleasure in again directing the attention of readers of this journal to the genuine qualities possessed by Eno's Saline. Residents in the fever-haunted regions to be found in some of our Colonial possessions, travellers at home and abroad, dwellers in the tropics, the *bon vivant*, no less than the man to whom the recommendation 'Eat and be merry' is a sarcasm and a gibe—one and all may be reminded of a remedy that meets their special requirements with a success approaching the miraculous."—The European Mail.

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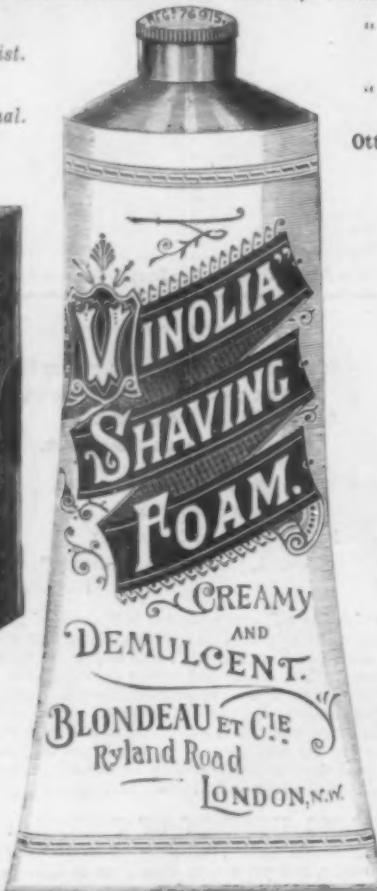
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